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## JOHN BARCLAY'S "ARGENIS" AND BACON'S SECRET LIFE.

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TO those interested in solving the great puzzle of Bacon's life I have long felt that the study of the literature of the period from 1570 to 1670 ought to be one of deep fascination in view of the possibility of finding covert allusions to the great man and veiled information that would throw light upon the obscure places of his life.

It was with this in mind that I made a careful examination of the "Shepherd's Calendar," attributed to Spenser, and in the article on the subject which I gave to BACONIANA of July, 1907, I think I brought forward very strong corroborations of important parts of the cipher story.

The book to which I now wish to direct attention is John Barclay's "Argenis."\* I do not suppose many people have read this. It is an elaborate allegorical history, with fanciful Greek characters, written much after the style of Sidney's "Arcadia," and extending to 483 pages of large quarto. It first appeared in *Latin* in Paris in 1621, and like so many other literary works

\* An account of the various editions of the "Argenis" will be found on pages 30—34 of BACONIANA, January, 1911.—ED. B.

of the very highest class of the century from 1570 to 1670, it came out after the author's death. It was said to have been edited by his friend Peireskius, and how much it may have gained or lost in the editing the world will never know. At the time of writing this I came across a Life of this Peireskius, written in Latin by the learned Petrus Gassendus, translated into English by W. Rand, Doctor of Physick, and published in London, 8vo, 1657. It was the English translation that I got.

There is not much said in this "Life" about Barclay and his "Argenis," but the little that is said is interesting. Under the date of 1619 it is said that, during that year, Peireskius had received a great part of the work, the "Argenis," which he was to see printed, and that he had "mitigated" a dialogue therein which he had conceived to be of somewhat too free a strain. It is thus that the hand of the editor is made apparent.

Under the date of 1621 in the "Life," allusion is made to the unlooked-for death of Barclay, and the remark here is full of interest. The "Life" says: "Just about the same time" (*i.e.*, the time of Barclay's death) "it happened that Peireskius urged him to finish his 'Argenis': wherefore among other things it grieved him that Barclay had not finished that Work according to his owne mind." From this we learn that the "Argenis" was not finished by Barclay, and thus the account of his sudden death alluded to below, after the completion of his great work, is robbed of its dramatic interest by the fact that the work was not completed, and probably the somewhat crude and drastic termination to the tale is due to Peireskius, and not to Barclay.

John Barclay was born in 1582 at Pont à Mousson, where his father, William Barclay, was Professor of Civil Laws. The first part of his "Satyricon" was published in the name of Euphormio Lusininus, and

was said to have appeared in London in 1603. A second edition appeared in Paris in 1605. Barclay's stay in England at this period was short. He first went to Angers and then to Paris in 1605, where he married Louise Debonnaire, the daughter of an army paymaster, and herself a Latin scholar and poetess. The pair moved to London in 1606, where, in that year, he published Latin poems entitled "*Sylvæ*." They continued to reside in London for nearly ten years, and in 1616 left for Rome. Here he established himself and composed his "*Argenis*." According to a MS. note in a copy of this work belonging to M. Dukas, it was finished on the 28th July, 1621. On the 1st August immediately following Barclay was stricken with a violent fever, and expired on the 15th of the same month. Ralph Thorie, in his anonymous elegy on Barclay's death (London, 1621) more than insinuates that he was poisoned. In the same year the "*Argenis*" came out in Latin in Paris. I am indebted to the "*Dictionary of National Biography*" for the foregoing facts, except those that I have taken from Peireskius' "*Life*."

The "*Argenis*" was, as I have said, first published in Latin in Paris in 1621, and again there also in Latin in 1622. The first English translation by Kingsmill Long appeared in London in folio in 1625. A second English translation by Sir Robert le Grys and Thomas May came out in London, quarto, 1629, and to this for the first time was added a key to explain who were the persons under the "*fained names*." And a third English translation, again by Kingsmill Long, London, quarto, 1636, with pictures, and also a key to unlock the whole story. A translation by Ben Jonson was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 2nd October, 1623, but was never published. It is much to be regretted that we have not got this translation, but it is interesting to see that one standing so close to Bacon should thus early have taken



up the work—if, indeed, perchance his hand in it was not even earlier than this. It is the 1629 edition that I have used and from which I quote.

The 1629 edition is said on the title-page to have been done into English: "the Prose upon His Majesties Command: by Sir Robert le Grys, Knight: and the Verses by Thomas May, Esquire." And certainly it would seem to require the protection of a royal command to keep a translator scatheless, as well as a publisher; for when one has read the "Argenis" there are without doubt statements in it that in the reign of good Queen Bess would have made an unhappy writer's head "stand tickle" upon his shoulders and even in the days of Charles I. might easily have been made a Star Chamber matter.

When we call to mind how angry Queen Elizabeth was with Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hayward for his book of the deposing of Richard II. and the coming in of Henry IV., with its ambiguous and suspicious dedication to Essex, for which the worthy Doctor was committed to the Tower (see Bacon's "Apothegm" No. 22), we can imagine how furious she would have been at the plain and unvarnished statements, though under "fained names," made in the "Argenis." Someone undoubtedly would have paid for this, and there would have been a well-considered "lopping off of limbs" over it. All the more difficult to understand, therefore, is the action of Charles I. in "commanding" this translation, with the key attached, which would lay bare to those who suspected, the very things that would have irritated Elizabeth beyond measure. It should, however, be borne in mind that at the date of publication of this book (1629) Bacon had been off the stage of this world's theatre for about three years, as the accepted date of his death is 1626, and therefore revelations about Queen Elizabeth and her marriage, and son, even if

scented out by the half-initiated, would not be of such importance as they would have been a few years before.

But with every consideration one can give the matter, the behaviour of Charles I. with regard to this book remains very strange and puzzling; and the puzzling nature of his conduct is not lessened when we find from Sir Robert le Grys' "Epistle Dedicatorie" to him, prefixed to the volume, that the book "hath already been honoured by your Majesties approbation"; and further in Le Grys' address "To the Understanding Reader," when we find him apologising for possible mistakes in the translation, and giving as his excuse that "he would have reformed some things in it, if his Majesty had not so much hastened the publishing it." Why should Charles have hastened the publishing of it, especially with the key attached, making clear the extraordinary statements about Queen Elizabeth, when there was the English translation of 1625 open to him and others to read, which gave the story in its entirety, though without the key? And yet why should Charles desire to have the key made public? There is much here to exercise one's ingenuity of speculation.

But, of course, the answer was that the whole thing was a mere *jeu d'esprit*—a sort of gambolling of a literary elephant, with no ulterior meaning, and, though perhaps a little bold, might be allowed to pass. And this answer, though it would not have soothed Queen Elizabeth, would possibly serve for those who knew nothing of Bacon's secret life, and had not the light of the cipher story to illuminate the dark places of the text, or to distinguish between pure fiction and veiled fact.

Barclay's "Argenis" is a pseudo-historical account of intrigues, battles, love-making and marriages, of kings and princes and lesser folk, revelling in old Greek

names, who lived about Sicily, Sardinia, Gallia, Mauretania, and other places. Amid stirring fights and tender love-passages there are interlarded long and elaborate disquisitions upon astrology, the duty of the civil power to put down heresy, the reform of the Law Courts, the duties and privileges of ambassadors, and so forth, making altogether somewhat heavy reading, as one considers it nowadays.

But at the end of the 1629 edition there is inserted a key, by which we are informed that, under Greek and fanciful names, certain well-known personages are intended, thus—Argenis is the daughter of the King of France and, in the end, wife to Poliarchus (Henry IV.), so it is not difficult to identify her as Margaret of Valois; Meleander is Henry II., or III. of France; Poliarchus is Henry IV. of France; Radiobanes is Philip. II. of Spain; Selenissa is Catherine de Medici; Hyanisbe is Queen Elizabeth; Nicopompus is the Author; and so on through a long list of minor characters.

And under fanciful names various countries are intended. Thus Sicily is France; Sardinia is Spain; Mauretania is England, and the Moors are the English; Gallia is Navarre; and so on.

So that in reading the book one is reading a double story, and sometimes under a fanciful dress a great historic truth may be recorded. Often, indeed, it is difficult or impossible to know whether some statement at variance with received history is put forward as mere airy fancy or as a concealed fact. No doubt when the book was written there were many people who could have vouched for the truth of statements that to others less informed in Court secrets would have seemed mere imaginings; but the day for such knowledge has long gone past, and it would be impossible now to write a commentary on the book, clearly separating the truth from the fiction. What, however, is interesting to me



is to pick out passages and recorded actions of individuals that are confirmatory of Bacon's cipher story and that run in parallel lines with it. We all know the cipher story—that Bacon was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth by her secret marriage with the Earl of Leicester, and that the hope and dream of his life was that he would ultimately be acknowledged by the Queen as her son and proclaimed as her successor. Further, that the great and overmastering passion of his life was his love for the beautiful Marguerite de Valois, and that her he has immortalized under various names in his writings, but specially as "Rosalinde."

Early in the book Nicopompus, whom by the key we are told is the author, sets forth in a discussion with his friends, Antenorius and Hieroleander (who was secretary to Argenis), the principles which governed him in composing his "Fable like a History"; and it is very important for the proper digesting of this fable to keep these principles in mind, for they show us that he fully intended to stray from the truth as he pleased, and they warn us that it would be impossible, without some other guiding light, to distinguish between veiled truth and pure fiction. And I do not doubt that these principles applied, and were intended to apply, to other poetic histories besides the fable in hand. It is said of Nicopompus a few pages previously (p. 126), that "he was of Antenorius, his most inward friends, and being wearied of the cares and troubles of the Court, did seeke, with the sweet conversation of that old man, a while to forget the disquieted Commonwealth." From which we learn that Nicopompus was a denizen of the Court; and further on in the book we find that he employed himself, and was employed by others, in writing sonnets for various festive occasions, and even in writing little poems on behalf of other people, that

should redound to the poetical fame of those others, all of which is strongly reminiscent of Francis Bacon and his works.

What Nicopompus says in regard to the scheme of his work is contained in the following speech which he delivered (p. 131) to his two friends, Antenorius and Heiroleander :—

"I will (saith he) write a Fable like a Historie. In it I wrap up strange events : armes, marriages, bloud, and contentments, I will blend together with success that could not be hoped for. The vanitie that is grafted in men, will make them delight to reade me : and therefore they will study it the harder, because they shall not take mee in their hands, as a severe Instructor. I will feede their minds with divers contemplations, as it were with a Landskip. Then, with the imaginations of danger, I will stirre up in them pittie, feare and horror. At last, when they are perplexed, I will relieve them, and make faire weather of a storm. Whom I please I will redeeme out of the hand of destinie ; at my pleasure suffer to perish. I am well acquainted with the humors of our people : because they will believe that I trifle ; I shall have them all. They will love me, as they doe the showes of the Theater or the Tilt-yard. So having won their liking to the Potion, I will also add to it wholesome herbes. Vertues and vices I will frame, and the rewards of them shall sute to both. While they reade, while as not concerned in it, they shall be angry, or favor, they shall meete with themselves, and as in a Looking-glasse, shall see the face and merit of their owne fame. Perhaps, they will bee ashamed to play any longer that part upon the Stage of this World, which they shall perceive in my Fable to have been duely set out for them. And lest they should complain that they are traduced, there shall be no man's picture to be plainly found there. To disguise them, I



will have many inventions, which cannot possibly agree to those that I intend to point at. For this liberty shall be mine, who am not religiously tyed to the truth of a History. So shall vices not men be galled, nor shall any have reason to bee offended, but he that first will basely confess himselfe defiled with those abominations, which I have so scourged. Besides I will everywhere give them imagined names, onely to personate both the vertues and vices. That in this my Booke, he shall erre, as well, that will have it all to be a true relation of things really done, as he that takes it to be wholly fained.

"Antenorius was tickled with this new kind of writing, and cheerfully rubbing his hands together, 'Bestow' (saith hee) 'if thou be a good fellow, Nicopompus, this labour upon the Common-wealth. If thou regardest thyselfe, or the age in which thou livest, thou art merely a debtor of it. Such a Booke will be long lyved, and convey the Author of it, with much glory, to posterity. But the profit of it will be infinite to rip up wicked men, and arme vertue against them.'"

We may gather from this that Nicopompus and his friends had great hopes of the book, and of the effect it would have, and we need not be surprised to find that at the end we have the boastful Latin verse that appears in other books of this period—"Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira," &c.

We are first introduced to Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) at p. 124 of the book. Poliarchus (Henry IV.) is represented as being on board a pirates' galley, by which he had been rescued from drowning together with his friend, Gelanorus (Duke of Bouillon). These two turned upon the pirates and, by their prowess with their swords, overcame them and got command of the ship. Then they find that on board there is much

treasure that has been taken from Hyanisbe, and so determine to steer their course to Mauretania (England) and restore her property to the Queen. This accordingly they accomplish, and to the Queen's great joy, who visits them on the galley, give back to her the great treasure she has lost. The story then proceeds (p. 124):—

"Towards evening the Noblemen sent by the Queen, came to Poliarchus, appointed by her to suffer him want no kind of courteous or hospitable entertainment. From them, in various discourses, he understood concerning the Queen thus much; that she was called Hyanisbe, and about three and twenty years since succeeded her brother Juba in the Kingdom. Before she came to the Crowne, she had been married to Siphax, a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the Kings, of all the Moors, who at the time of King Juba's decease, did also dye, leaving her with childe. That the Queene some months after was delivered of a sonne, whom she named Hiempsall, and he by the favour of the Gods had with his excellency of spirit outgone the wishes of his people, but that now to win himselfe honour among strangers, he was gone to travel in habit of a private person; into what Country, except only to the Queen, was unknown."

These statements concerning Queen Elizabeth are sufficiently startling. There are some that we know at once are untrue, and which, as Nicopompus says, "cannot possibly agree to those that I intend to point at." But there remains the statement that she *was* married to "a man of the most eminent qualitie, next the Kings, of all the Moors" (English), which would fairly agree with Leicester, though the death of her husband is erroneously stated. But then Nicopompus is "not religiously tyed to the truth of a History," as

he has told us. The description of the son Hiempsall (can anyone suggest the derivation of this name, or any hint wrapped up in its numerical value?) is most interesting in the fact that "to win himself honour among strangers he was gone to travel in the habit of a private person; into what country, except only to the Queen, was unknown."

Taking this son to be Bacon, it is curious to note how much mystery and concealment there has been about his travels in his youth. At that period it was quite the usual thing for a young man of birth and breeding to finish his education by an extended tour on the Continent and residence abroad for perhaps two or three years. That Bacon should do this would not be surprising, except that as the youngest son of Sir Nicholas—who was not a rich man—it might be thought more than his father could reasonably afford. But we have never had any very clear notion of how much time Bacon did spend abroad, or to what extent he travelled as a young man, beyond the two years that he spent in Paris from 1577—1579 with the English Ambassador, Sir Amyas Paulet. At this time he would be only 16 to 18 years of age. Rawley tells of this in his *Life of Bacon*, first published in the "Resuscitatio" in 1657, though he does not say plainly how long he was there, but leaves the matter vague, and certainly gives no hint of his having been anywhere else than in France. He dismisses the subject by saying, "Being returned from travel, he applied himself to the study of the Common Law," etc.

But in that other *Life of Bacon* prefixed to the "*Histoire Naturelle*," published in Paris in 1631, there are some few more particulars of Bacon's travels. I have dealt with this *Life* in *BACONIANA* for April, 1906.

Though this was the first *Life of Bacon* ever published, and coming out as it did in 1631, antedated



Rawley's Life by so many years, it is strange how completely it has been ignored by all English writers upon Bacon. Spedding, who spent so much time over and about Bacon, makes no allusion to it, and evidently knew nothing about it. Now this French Life gives some more details about Bacon's movements abroad. The author of it—whoever he was—says that Bacon spent several years of his youth in his travels; that he visited France, Italy and Spain, as being the most civilised nations of the world; and that as "he saw himself destined some day to hold in his hands the helm of the Kingdom" (a very remarkable phrase), he studied the laws and customs of the countries in which he resided rather than the people and their diversities of dress. But apparently any details or particulars of Bacon's travels were not known to his contemporaries, and have certainly remained unrecorded. It is only from this book of John Barclay's that we get a hint why this was the case—that "he was gone to travel in habit of a private person: into what country, except only to the Queene, was unknown." And we should remember that Barclay's "Argenis," with its interesting statement about the travels of Queen Elizabeth's son, came out ten years before the French Life from which I have quoted above, and was absolutely the first statement made upon the subject, and then only in this veiled and secret manner. Up to that time no one knew anything about Bacon's travels; "except only to the Queen" they were unknown.

But Barclay's fanciful story proceeds, and indeed he does take liberties with history. Radirobanes (Philip II.) is represented as landing in Mauretania (England) with a great army. Poliarchus (Henry IV.) is shown as undertaking the defence of the country for Hyanisbe (Elizabeth), and at last we have a terrific single combat between Poliarchus and Radirobanes, in which

the latter is killed and the former very severely wounded. He is conveyed to the Palace of Hyanisbe, and is there for a long time recovering from his wounds. It is difficult to see what Barclay's object was in concocting such a very fabulous history as this. But the tale works up to this with many episodes of "armes, marriages, bloud and contentments." Through it all there is one character, Archombrotus, who takes a prominent part in affairs. His personality is not very clearly explained in the key, but we are told (p. 92) that he was a stranger to the State of Sicily (France), in which the action was chiefly laid. He, however, falls deeply in love with Argenis and becomes the rival of Poliarchus (Henry IV.) for her affections. It is not, however, until towards the end of the book that we are given clearly to understand who Archombrotus stands for. This is the part of the story that deals with Radirobanes' (Philip's) attack upon Mauretania (England), and the difficulties and troubles of Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) are forcibly set out (p. 347):

"Scarce were two days past, when shee (Hyanisbe) conferring with the Lords about the present occasions, word was brought her: that one of her sonne's servants (for he had onely carried two with him) was come into the Court. They were all of them astonished, and that felicity appeared to them not unlike the vanity of old fables: that in the just poynt of time any one should return, who could satisfie them of the Prince's health, and inform them whether they might send for him. But the cause of this sending his servant was this: Archombrotus, after he found that there was nothing that deferred his marriage with Argenis" (Margaret), "but onely the want of his mother's approbation, lest that should cause any delay in his most happy affaires, sent his servant to her with letters, such as a young man, and a Lover, and one who in those passions

had not yet forgotten his mother's authority, could indite. In summe Hyanisbe was his mother: and at home he was among his own people called Hyempsall: but being by his mother's command to travell into Grecia, and dissembling his qualitie, hee assumed a name suteable to that Nation. In his letters he did highly extoll his respect to his mother, that according to her command he had faithfully concealed the fortunes of his descent.\* For the rest, that a felicitie was presented to him, which did outgoe all his wishes. The alliance with a most powerful King: the possession of Sicily" (France) "and a Lady, in whom the graces of her mind were more to be pryzed than so great an inheritance. Hee besought her that shee would give him leave to discover to the King, with whom, though unknowne he had been in such grace, the honour of his birth and quality. That shee would also send to him some of her principall Noble men, with money and such other necessary ornaments, as might magnifie Mauritania" (England) "to the Sicilians" (French) "who were to pass into his command" (p. 347).

This certainly gives us interesting and remarkable information about Queen Elizabeth's son. The story then goes on to say that the Queen was not only displeased with the letter, but "amazedly terrified" at it, so that the courtiers, seeing the change in her countenance, thought there was no good news of the Prince's health, and inquired of the servant who had brought

\* In the deciphering of the biliteral from Bacon's "Natural History" (*Sylva Sylvarum*), 1635, Bacon says: "I have neede of the very caution which kept these secrets from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy, and my life was the forfeit: nor may I now speake openly, yet many men for a Kingdom would break their oathe." "The Biliteral Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon," second edition, p. 346. Gay and Bird, London.



the letter what there was that had so affected the Queen. But he assured them that Hyempsall was not only in health, but also in highest grace and esteem among the strangers where he lived. Then the Queen saw the servant in private, and spoke to him in the following words: "I believe" (said she) "that my son hath sufficiently encharged to thee, the concealing from all here in what Countrey he now remains. Be thou, I pray thee, faithful therein: for I will have none of mine acquainted therewith" (p. 348).

Here, again, we have emphatic attention drawn to the secrecy attached to the travels of the Queen's son, to which I have before alluded. It seems as though this must have been an outstanding fact in Elizabeth's relations to Bacon, since attention is drawn to it in this marked manner, though why there should have been so much mystery made of it one cannot very well see. But evidently the author of the "Argenis" felt, or knew, that this secrecy, and the fact of the Queen only being cognisant of where her son was travelling, had some important bearing upon the secret story of Bacon's life that he was allowing the initiated to have some glimpses of, and that it was essential to the understanding of the tale that this fact should be borne in mind.

Queen Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) is at this juncture represented as being distraught with care by the attack of Radirobanes (Philip II.) on her kingdom, and this proposal of her son to marry the daughter of the King of Sicily (France). She therefore writes to her son a letter dealing with the whole case, and this letter is so important that I must here transcribe it (p. 348).

"Thus all dismaied shee tooke Paper in which shee wrote to this effect: 'What oddes there is between thy intentions and the fortunes of our affaires, thou mayest, my sonne, know by this: that scarce was Radirobanes his Herald, that from him denounced warre unto us,

out of our sight, when I received thy letters, wherein thou dost let me know, that thou predest upon a most unseasonable marriage. I give thanks to fortune and thy vertues, by which it is wrought, that being yet unknowne either for thy descent or meanes, Meleander (King of France) hath thought thee worthy his alliance. But thou shalt blemish thy honour, if being indulgent to thy affection, thou shalt suffer thy mother and thy Countrey to become a prey to the most injurious Radirobanes (Philip II.). Doe not prefer Sicily (France), however but a dowry, before thy mother's inheritance of Africa (England): which thou wilt hardly find in safety, except thou presently make haste hither. Thou knowest how much more easily things may be kept, then being once lost, be regained; after thou hast secured thy mother, after thy triumphs, and the glories of thy valour and piety, thou mayest return greater to thy agreements, and better worthy the deserving. But doe not charge upon Radirobanes only or the warre these delays, which by the authority of a mother I interpose between thee and this marriage. Thou art utterly ruined (my sonne) if thou dost not speake with me, before thou wedde Argenis (Marguerite). Returne instantly to thy dearest mother. Thou wilt in truth be glad, and believe that thou art abundantly rewarded for thy duetiful respect, even in this that thou hast obeyed me. For that thou mayest fully know my minde, it is so necessary, before the ceremony of thy marriage, that I acquaint thee with certain secrets, which may not be entrusted to Letters, nor to Messengers: that if thou dost neglect thy duty, I will deny myself to be thy mother. I will linke my selfe with Radirobanes, lest thou shouldest triumph upon my inheritance, and as it were the spoyles of me, whom with anguish of minde thou hast brought to my end. I now doe thinke that I have strictly enough delivered

this my charge to thee. I know thy disposition, which in no fortune or travelling thou canst put off or change. But that thou mayest not conceive that I will frowardly be crosse to all thy desires; I am not at all against thy discovering to the King of Sicily (France) that thou art my sonne. Who if he desires thee for his sonne-in-law, if with his daughter he will assure Sicily to thee: let him send with thee some competent forces with which thou mayest oppose the invading Sardinians (Spaniards). I will promise that thou shalt presently return into Sicily, after I have heere found thee a sonne, and Radirobanes an enemy. Farewell.' "

This is, I think, a sufficiently remarkable and interesting letter. I have taken the liberty of putting in brackets the equivalents as given by the key of various fantastic names. The period in the action of the story when this letter is written is just before the attack upon England of the Spaniards, which may be taken to be the Armada of 1588. But the attack in this tale is represented as being by land, and the hero in the defence on the side of Queen Elizabeth is Poliarchus (Henry IV. of France), who, after some stirring engagements between the two armies, meets Radirobanes in single combat—as I have before said—and kills him; a very fanciful and absurd tale. At the time of writing the above letter the Queen is represented as being greatly distressed at the prospect of the coming of the Spanish forces—as undoubtedly she was. It is interesting to note in the letter how the Queen practically forbids the marriage with Argenis, and yet in the end she temporises, in a thoroughly Elizabethan manner, and tells her son he may make himself known to the King of France, and if he desires him for a son-in-law, and will assure France to him, "let him send with thee some competent forces with which thou mayest oppose the invading Spaniards." It was so thoroughly in keeping



with Elizabeth's character to play a double game like this; and while rejecting the marriage, to make the prospect of it a pretext for obtaining assistance.

But, of course, all this part of the tale with reference to the attack and defeat of the Spaniards, and Henry of Navarre's part in that business, is thoroughly fantastic and fanciful. The rivalry, too, between Archombrotus (Bacon) and Poliarchus (Henry) for the love of Argenis (Marguerite), which at this point of the story is made an important feature, is also fanciful; for, taking the date at 1588, Marguerite and her husband, Henry of Navarre, had been married for some sixteen years, had already become very indifferent to each other, and had already been considering a divorce—at least Marguerite had—a consideration which became an accomplished fact ten years later in 1598. When Bacon first saw Marguerite in Paris in 1577 she had already been married for five years. As the cipher story tells us, he fell madly in love with her, and he had some scheme in his head—which would seem to us now-a-days sufficiently impracticable—of bringing about a divorce and marrying her himself. How long he kept working at this project we have no means of knowing, but apparently he carried it on for some time. Marguerite was almost exactly nine years his senior, and when he was sixteen, when he first met her, would be five-and-twenty. In Sir Amyias Paulet, with whom Bacon first stayed in Paris in 1577, he had a staunch friend, who tried to help him in his scheme for marriage. Bacon says of this in his cipher in the "New Atlantis," 1635 (the cipher completed by Rawley),\* "When Sir Amyias Paulet becamed avised of my love, he propos'd that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on her, pending case o' the divorce from the young Huguenot

\* "Bi-literal Cipher," Second Edition, Gay & Bird, 1900, p.

but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never open'd into flower."

It is curious that Bacon does not state what the "reasons of very grave importance" were; but it is equally curious to note that the Queen Hyanisbe, in the letter above quoted, interposed between her son and the marriage, and gave as a chief reason that before the ceremony he must be made acquainted with "certain secrets" which may not be entrusted to letters nor to messengers. Such agreement as this between two such different sources of information is, I think, very noteworthy.

The tale as unfolded by Barclay proceeds apace. As I have said before, there are scenes of attack and counter-attack between the two armies, and a highly fanciful episode introduced when one Sitalces on the Spanish side dedicates himself to the Infernal Powers on condition that victory shall be accorded to the Spaniards; the terms being that Sitalces should put himself in such a position of danger that he would be killed by the English, and his soul having then descended to the limbo of the infernal regions, all the powers of Satan would be used in favour of the Spaniards, and victory thus assured to them. A very pretty scheme as it stood. But Poliarchus is told all about it by a spy, and gives orders that Sitalces is to be taken alive and not to be hurt, so that his nefarious plot may prove abortive. And this is actually done, and when Sitalces is secured, safe and sound, the usual taunting messages are sent to the Spanish King Radirobanes (Philip II.). After this we have the stirring single combat between Poliarchus (Henry) and Radirobanes (Philip), in which Philip is killed and the Spanish army driven off. But Poliarchus is severely wounded, and though able to ride back to the palace of Hyanisbe with the arms and armour of Radirobanes carried as trophies,

he is laid up with his wounds for many days and confided to the tender care of the grateful and ever-thankful Queen.

While he is thus being nursed, the Queen's son—known among his own people as Hiempsall, and abroad as Archombrotus—arrives. When he arrives, Poliarchus, who has been looking forward to his coming with mild expectancy, finds out that this Hiempsall is none other than the hated Archombrotus, who has been trying to rob him of his Argenis; while Archombrotus discovers that the hero who has, by his prowess, saved his mother's kingdom is none other than the double-dyed villain Poliarchus, whose blood he has sworn to have; so—to use a modern phrase—the fat is in the fire, and poor Hyanisbe is at her wits' end to know how to prevent these two hot heads from cutting each other's throats, and there is a terrible "to do" all round. However, she manages it.

She orders her son, and implores Poliarchus, to preserve peace between them while they are with her. She assures them that if they will but wait until they can both return to Sicily (France) she will send letters with them to Meleander (the King of France) that will so entirely explain and clear up the situation to the satisfaction of both of them, and to all concerned, that her son Archombrotus will not be deprived of Argenis and yet that Poliarchus shall have her to wife, as he expected. Such a solution of the difficulty, and such a smoothing out of all troubles, seems impossible. But here we may call to mind the principles that Nicopompus, the author, enunciated when he set out to write his "Fable like a History." He said:

"Then with the imaginations of danger I will stirre up in them pittie, feare, and horror. At last, when they are perplexed, I will relieve them, and make faire weather of a storm. Whom I please I will redeeme out of the hand of destinie: at my pleasure suffer to perish.



. . . To disguise them, I will have many inventions, which cannot possibly agree to those that I intend to point at. For this liberty shall bee mine, who am not religiously tyed to the truth of a History."

So Hyanisbe writes a letter to Meleander, which she gives to her son Archombrotus to be delivered. Archombrotus and Poliarchus set out with their respective trains and fleets to return to Sicily (France), and the letter is duly presented to Meleander. And at the reading of this letter everything is indeed turned topsy-turvy, for therein (pp. 475-6) the Queen Hyanisbe (Elizabeth) upbraids Meleander (Henry II., King of France), for that in the first place he had concealed from her his secret marriage with her sister Anna! And, then, that after "Anna's" death, subsequent to his departure, he had never enquired if she had left any children; but that she had actually borne a fair son, whom she (Elizabeth) had brought up, and that he was none other than Archombrotus, to whom King Meleander had been so much drawn with affection; that he was indeed his son, and half-brother to Argenis, whom he had loved with more than a brother's love. But when all these explanations are made there is a general family re-union, and Argenis, delighted with her new-found brother, takes him "with both her hands about the necke" (p. 470).

All quarrels are at an end between Archombrotus and Poliarchus, and nothing now stands in the way of the marriage between Argenis (Margaret) and Poliarchus (Henry of Navarre), and the wedding ceremony is duly celebrated with much rejoicing on all sides. Here, indeed, is "faire weather made of a storm," and the curtain is rung down with an epithalamium composed by the son of Nicopompus, scarce ten years old.

Thus ends this extraordinary "fable like a History," this bewildering jumble of fact and fancy. In this short account of it all I have but lightly skimmed over

the 483 pages of large quarto to which it extends. What of it is fact and what pure fiction? That is the puzzling question. We must carry in mind the warning that Nicopompus gave us when he stated the plan upon which he was working: "That in this my book, he shall erre as well that will have it all to be a true relation of things really done; as he that takes it to be wholly fained."

In this book we have it clearly stated that Queen Elizabeth before she came to the crown was married to a man of the most eminent quality, next the kings, of all the English; that she had by him a son; that this son travelled abroad and lived in France; that he fell in love with and desired to marry Marguerite, daughter of the King of France—she who was married to Henry, King of Navarre. Now, are these statements on the same plane of truth or fiction as the statements that Henry of Navarre came to help Queen Elizabeth in her defence of the kingdom against the attack of Philip II. of Spain; that he beat off the Spanish forces, and killed Philip with his own hand in single combat; that he himself was severely wounded in the fight and was nursed back to health by Queen Elizabeth in her palace? or that the King of France married Elizabeth's sister "Anna," who left behind her a son? These last statements we know are ridiculously contrary to historic truth; the other statements are confirmatory of those revealed by the cipher story and possibly belong to that part of the book where a man would err if he took it to be "wholly fained."

Or to look at it from another point of view. Did Barclay in writing this book desire to preserve in it certain important though, to the writer, highly dangerous historic facts; that to do this he adopted the plan of weaving these facts in with ridiculous fictions, so that it might be open to him or his friends in his defence

to say: "The statement that Queen Elizabeth was married and had a son is just as much pure fancy as that Henry of Navarre killed Philip II. in single combat, and need not be noticed"? While by the initiated and those who had some knowledge of the secret history of the times, these statements about Elizabeth would be recognised as true, and would stand for all time as a witness to the truth.

I think this book of Barclay's deserves very much more careful study and sifting than it has hitherto obtained. The key attached to the 1629 and subsequent editions, when taken in conjunction with the cipher story of Bacon's life, gives us the power to unlock and set forth the secret facts embedded in it; but we must remember that it is to the cipher story as recently deciphered from Bacon's biliteral that we owe the power of doing this. Before the cipher story had disclosed the marvellous secrets of Bacon's life, one might have read the "Argenis"—as it has been read any time during the past long period—without any intelligent appreciation of the statements about Queen Elizabeth, and would have set them down as no more truthful than all the other phantasies. Now, with the cipher story in mind, we read the tale of Argenis with a totally different understanding. In the same way the glosses upon the Shepherd's Calendar, when read in the light of the cipher story, gave unsuspected confirmation of the details of that narrative. If we could find a key to Sidney's "Arcadia" or to the "Fairy Queen," similar to that which has been supplied to the "Argenis," I feel confident that both these books would disclose much hidden and secret history of the Elizabethan period, and would without doubt confirm the revelations of the cipher story; showing Bacon to have been not only born to great and high position in the world, but also the greatest literary genius the world has ever known,

and the author of marvels in Poetry and Prose that have hitherto been attributed—and are still attributed by the literary men of England—to quite common individuals whom he used as his masks. The recognition of the true Bacon, and his enthronement on his own proper seat, will coincide with the acceptance of the story of his life and works which he left to us with such tremendous labour embedded in numerous books of the period in his great biliteral cipher.

Before concluding, I would say a few words about "The Key" at the end of the book, which explains, or is meant to explain, who are the persons under the "fained names." But some of the omissions are quite as important as the explanations. Hiempsall—whom we would like to know something about—is not referred to; and Archombrotus, the other name by which Queen Elizabeth's son is known, is explained in the Key as being the Duke D'Alencon, the son of the King of France, adopting in that way the phantastic tale that he was the son of Queen Elizabeth's sister "Anna." Meleander is said to be Henry III., but it is evident from the text that he stands for the King of France at various periods of the story. Argenis, again, is said to represent the French Crown or right of succession, but in the text (*e.g.*, Hyanisbe's letter to her son) she is clearly the daughter of the King of France, and afterwards marries Poliarchus (Henry IV.).



## TIMOTHE BRIGHT.

**T**HIS memoir, by Mr. W. J. Carlton (London : Elliott Stock, 1911), is exhaustive and full.

But upon the only material question, viz., as to who wrote the "Treatise of Melancholy" (1586) and "Characterie" (1588), Mr. Carlton cannot tell us much more than that the books are title-paged to Dr. T. Bright as author.

Dr. Bright, we are told, was born at Cambridge in 1550, became a subsizar at Trinity College in 1561, and graduated B.A. in 1568. His name does not appear upon the College books after Michaelmas, 1570, at which time he probably accepted service with and accompanied Sir Francis Walsingham to Paris. He was there at the time of the massacre in 1572, back in Cambridge in 1573, obtained a licence to practise medicine in 1575, and would appear to have practised at Cambridge until late in 1583. He may have written an English tract of forty-eight small pages, printed anonymously in London in 1580, called "A Treatyse wherein is declared the sufficiencie of English Medycines for cure of all diseases cured with medicine," but there is no certainty.

He probably did write and publish three small tractates in Latin (founded upon notes from which he taught), and entitled "Hygieina" (1582), "Medicinæ" (1583), and "Animadversiones" (1584), the latter being described by Dr. Norman Moore as not worth reading.

At Paris, he seems, in addition to Walsingham, to have met Sir Philip Sidney. At Cambridge he would, of course, be known to Whitgift the Master, and to young Francis Bacon.

In 1584 he was appointed physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, the emoluments comprising a house and garden, free fuel, and a fee of £2 annually.

In 1586 there was published in London a book, entitled a "Treatise of Melancholy, by T. Bright, Doctor of Phisicke." Mrs. Gallop affirms that in biliteral cipher Francis Bacon claims that he wrote this "Treatise," as well as the subsequent augmentations of it, published after Bright's death, entitled the "Anatomy of Melancholy." The circumstance that Mrs. Gallup in the course of her deciphering found out that the "Treatise" was in part printed by Vautrollier, and in remaining part by Windet, and that a complete cipher story runs through the italic letters in the Vautrollier part and concludes in the Windet, might have been accepted as confirmation of the good faith of her decipher. But it was not.

Mr. Carlton calls Mrs. Gallup's statement a "staggering theory" and an "amazing proposition."

That he should so describe an assertion of fact, only shows how the judgment of a level-headed man may be upset when met with something entirely opposed to his line of assumption, and for which he was unprepared. Mr. Carlton alleges that the "fallacies and inconsistencies" of this (the Bright) part of Mrs. Gallup's story are "so self-evident as to carry their own refutation." He would have been wise to have stopped at that exhibition of mental fireworks. But he has proceeded to assert that the *volumes* which bear the name of Bright and those issued as the work of Burton are "palpably dissimilar in style and matter."

Bright's Latin "volumes" may surely be ruled out of this controversy. Until one has opportunity of reading the "Treatise of English Medicine" and "Characterie" one can only remark that the extracts from them which Mr. Carlton gives, furnish very little support to his contention.

Comparison of style can only be between the 1586 "Treatise" and the 1621 "Anatomy," which means that

the style of a youth at 26 has to be contrasted with his style at 61, after a life of widely varying literary activities. Such a test manifestly cannot settle the point.

Then as to "matter," Mr. Carlton admits that both "authors" adopted the same plan, which, to say the least, is suspicious. The later author (as Dr. Rimbault's tabulation shows) is more exact and compact in his definitions. This is consistent with revision by the original author later in life. There is a likelihood that Bacon when he revised the "Treatise" would adhere to his own original plan. If Mr. Carlton will be at some trouble he will, on comparing the two books, find the "Anatomy" repeating the very words of the "Treatise." As an instance, compare the following :—

"You feel the wrath of God kindled against your soule and anguish of conscience most intollerable and can finde (notwithstanding continuall prayers and incessant supplications made unto the Lord) no release and in your own judgment stand reprobate from God's covenant and voide of all hope of his inheritance." (Bright, p. 252.)

"God's heavy wrath is kindled in their souls and notwithstanding their continual prayers and supplications to Christ Jesus they have no release or ease at all but a most intolerable torment and unsufferable anguish of conscience." (Burton, 575. Edition 1821.)

Certain German literary critics are satisfied, says Mr. Carlton, that "Shakespeare" studied the "Treatise."

Yes, as Bacon wrote the "Treatise" as well as the Shakespeare works, it is not surprising that the novel phrase, "discourse of reason," which he uses in the "Treatise," and which Mr. Carlton states was at one time thought to be exclusively Shakespearean (*Hamlet*, 1603), he also used in his "Gesta Grayorum"

(1595), in his letter to Earl Rutland (1596), and his "Advancement of Learning" (1604).

Nor is it other than consistent that a man of Bacon's wide activities, frequently suffering ill-health, should have studied its causes, written upon it in the name of his assistant Bright, and used in delineating character in his dramas the knowledge of "physiological psychology" so acquired. In "Planetomachia," published in 1584—5, under the vizard of Greene, young Francis Bacon styled himself "student in physicke."

I say assistant because that, I think, explains Bright's true position. A trained Bachelor of Arts of Francis Bacon's own college (perhaps one of his tutors), skilled in medicines, and capable of conversing in French, would be the sort of man young Francis would be glad to have assisting him.

Bacon's great trouble was the difficulty of getting enough money to pay his helpers in the large task—the renaissance of English literature—to which he had devoted himself.

If Bright came to him in 1584, the extraordinary stir which caused two of the Queen's Ministers and her Household Treasurer to insist upon Bright having the hospital residence and perquisites instead of their going to the nominee of the College of Physicians was probably due to young Bacon's private pressure.

The next event in order of date was a movement by Vincent Skinner, a fellow M.P. and friend of Francis Bacon (both being nominees of Lord Burleigh), to induce a mutual friend, Michael Hicks, one of Burleigh's two confidential secretaries, to obtain letters patent for a system of shorthand alleged to have been invented by Bright, and for other works to be produced by him. Skinner married a first cousin of Lady Anne Bacon. His letter to Hicks is dated from Enfield House (Middlesex), 30th March, 1586, and Hicks is made to



understand that his success in procuring the patent to be granted could probably be rewarded! The patent was a long time before being granted, and meantime the "Treatise of Melancholy," dedicated in the following May (1586), was printed without its protection and without entry at Stationers' Hall.

By July, 1588, Hicks' intervention with the Cecils had succeeded, and on 26th July royal letters patent were granted to Bright and his assigns for fifteen years next ensuing to teach, print and publish in or by "Character." Then follows a grant of a still more remarkable privilege to Bright and his assigns *to print and sell all such books as he theretofore had or thereafter should make devise compile translate or abridge to the furtherance of good knowledge and learning.*

"Characterie" is a book of about 250 small pages—a poor reason, one would think, for letters patent; but they really would serve as an excellent protection for a series of all manner of new books.

In 1589 was printed by Vautrollier the "Arte of English Poesie," written through command of the Queen by a person who preferred to remain anonymous, and who must have been Francis Bacon. To this book the Queen herself seems to have contributed. On its title-page is the wood block impression "Anchora Spei," which Vautrollier had used in Edinburgh in 1584 when he printed the King of Scotland's pamphlet on the art of Scottish poetry.

In the year 1589 an abridgment of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" was printed by Windet, under protection of the letters patent, and ascribed to the authorship of Bright.

The haphazard materials collected by Foxe were in the abridgment reproduced in a *connected, flowing, harmonious manner.*

The address to the "Christian Reader" assures him

"there is not a book under the Scriptures more necessary for a Christian to be conversant in." If the further passage, as to the comparative use of abridgments (quoted at page 112 of Mr. Carlton's book), was not written by Bacon, then I know nothing about Bacon's prose style. The patent saved the writer from the interference of the Stationers' Company, who owned the copyright of the book abridged.

In October, 1589, the Queen gave to young Francis the reversion to the office of Clerk to the Star Chamber and the £1,600 per annum salary, which would accrue to him when the then occupant died or vacated the post. This gift is significant of her satisfaction with the above publications of the year.

In 1590 Francis was concerned in the production of the "*Faerie Queene*" and a variety of lighter publications under the vizards of Peele, Greene and Watson.

Nothing suitable for the gravity of Dr. Bright's nominal occupation was printed during that year; but Bright, through the influence of Whitgift, was given a parish curacy of £8 per annum, and a few months later was given a better living at Stanford Rivers, in Essex, *in the gift of the Crown Duchy of Lancaster*.

In the meantime Bright was totally neglecting his duties at the hospital, and was in such disgrace that he was about being supplanted and dismissed. Manifestly it was undesirable that his name should appear as author at that critical period.

In 1591 Bright was again neglecting his duties—why, it does not appear; but my expectation is he was working hard, copying from dictation and transcribing for Bacon.

Between September, 1591, and March, 1591-2, he was dismissed and cleared out of his house at the hospital. In the following June, however, Bright was provided for by being preferred to the Rectory of Methley, in Yorkshire, *in the gift of the Queen*.

Friends in high places must have been helping him. These could not have been either Walsingham nor Sidney, who were both dead. He was tied by private bond to Whitgift, and others, to join in appointing their nominee as his successor at Methley in case he resigned.

It was probably owing to the chagrin which Francis must have felt in having to part with so valuable an assistant as Bright must have been to him that he addressed his celebrated letter of 1592 to Lord Burleigh, in which he announced that he had taken all *knowledge for his province* and must have some salaried office which would give him "commandment of other wits than his own." His letters patent scheme had entirely broken down, because he had not the means to pay his assistant's salary, and Bright was far away in Yorkshire. Alternative expedients had been found unworkable.

Bright quarrelled with his parishioners at Methley and was moved to another parish twelve miles away—also *in the gift of the Crown Duchy*. Here he died in the year 1615. His Will affords no light upon his literary activities, if he really had any. It is very strange that, upon the assumption of his capacity for authorship, he took no further advantage of the fifteen years free literary privileges granted by the letters patent of 1588. It is significant, too, upon the view I am presenting, that Bright's eldest son was in 1599 admitted a student of Gray's Inn, where Bacon resided.

In reference to "Characterie," Mr. Carlton, alluding to Mrs. C. M. Pott's opinion that Bacon first introduced the art of shorthand, remarks that she has "out-Galluped Mrs. Gallup." It is unfortunate that some men who seek to pass as authorities in literary matters are so self-conscious of a sort of sex superiority

as to permit themselves to be impertinent to women writers.

I am not aware of any ciphered claim by Bacon that he wrote the "Characterie," nor was he interested in doing so, as it was so much improved upon during his lifetime as to have become of no public utility. Besides, he was out for bigger things than the fame of being the "father of modern shorthand."

Yet, surely Mrs. Pott's opinion is entitled to the like generosity of treatment which Mr. Carlton accords to the unsupported speculation of a Mr. Blades, that the Stratford player was once in the employment of Vau-trollier.

I see no reason why Bacon and Bright may not have jointly tried to devise a method whereby Bacon's words could be written down at dictation more rapidly than by the then existing mode of abbreviating.

Nor can I understand how Bright (hard up as Skinner said he was) could have ventured alone to get letters patent for a not very valuable device, nor afterwards have gone to the expense of printing it partly on vellum.

"Characterie" was, it seems to me, only a stalking horse to secure a wide protection for certain future literary productions contemplated by Bacon, a scheme which through Bright's dismissal and removal into Yorkshire entirely broke down. I can hardly suppose that Mrs. Pott expressed her opinion until she had read the "Epistle Dedicatorie," which to my, and doubtless to her, thinking is written in fine Baconian prose. This dedication contains a large number of references to Cicero, who, to slightly alter Mr. Carlton's phrase, was presumably the "father of ancient shorthand."

Bacon consulting his Cicero upon the shorthand question doubtless led to his reading once more the life of this accomplished Roman and suggested the



writing of a story about him. Anyway, a few months later, a novelette, entitled "Ciceronis Amor," was printed by Francis in the name of Greene.

Again, I observe a strong family likeness in form between the synoptical table attached to "Characterie" and the synoptical table in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."

On the whole, I consider Mrs. Pott's view quite a plausible one. May I respectfully hint to Mr. Carlton and the unknown *Daily Chronicle* reviewer, whose sneers at Baconians directed me to the book, that until they are prepared to accept Mrs. Gallup as the witness of truth, and her deciphered work as honest and genuine, their sojourn in the kingdom of the blind in Elizabethan literary happenings is likely to be prolonged.

PARKER WOODWARD.

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## BACON ON VERACITY.

BACON has an Essay on this subject, entitled "Of Simulation and Dissimulation," and, as usual, we come across sentiments that surprise us. He appears to approve of the use of falsehood when great uses are to be secured by it. In the *Promus* he twice quotes the Spanish maxim, which he also refers to in the Essay, "*Di mentira y sagueras verdad*" (Tell a lie and find the truth) ("*Promus*," 267, 610). This maxim is also referred to in the "Advancement," II., xxiii. 18; and "De Augmentis," VIII., "Works," V., 61.

In all these passages Simulation or Dissimulation seems to be regarded as something indispensable under certain contingencies. Thus in the Essay he writes, "To discover the mind of another . . . it is a good

shrewd proverb of the Spaniard, *Tell a lie and find the truth*; as if there were no way of discovery but by simulation." It may be asked, Did Bacon himself make this use of falsehood? I think he did. He suggested a "lie for discovery" in dealing with Peacham:—"I think also it were not amiss to make a false fire, as if all things were ready for his going down to his trial, and that he was on the very point of being carried down—to see what that would work with him" ("Life," V. 123).

This recalls the line in *Hamlet* (III., ii., 237)—"What, frightened with false fire?" Doubtless, false fire scarcely amounts to wilful falsehood; but there is some affinity between them, and if it is lawful then veracity has its limitations. False fire may take rank with Bacon's habit of writing letters which others were to send as if from themselves. This is alluded to in the "Essex Apology," and we have specimens of such letters written for Anthony Bacon, Essex, and Walsingham. These are specimens of simulation, in which, however, there is nothing morally wrong.

The maxim is both referred to and illustrated dramatically in many passages of Shakespeare. A very typical case of the "lie for discovery" is given in *Hamlet*. Polonius is sending his servant Reynaldo to Paris, where his son Laertes is staying; and he directs him to find out what sort of life Laertes is living in Paris—good or bad, moral or immoral (*Hamlet* II., i., 1—73).

Reynaldo is to get into conversation with some acquaintance of Laertes and he is to enquire about Danskers (Danish caterers for amusement), whether Laertes and they are acquainted. Then he is to profess some distant knowledge of Laertes—*not much*—"but if 'tis he I mean, he's very wild; addicted so and so; and then put on him what forgeries you please"—only nothing too dishonourable;—

Gaming, drinking, swearing, quarrelling, drabbing.

Here's my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of warrant,

[A device that is conventionally approved]

You laying these slight sullies on my son.

As 'twere a thing a little soiled in the working,

Mark you—your party in converse,

. . . Closes with you in this consequence, thus :—

[Falls into the track of your discourse and pursues it thus :—]

“ I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,”—

and then he talks a little scandal; and Reynaldo obtains the information for which he has been fishing :—

See you now

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth : [You land your fish :]

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses and with assays of bias, [By circuitous courses

Baines quotes Golding's *Ovid* to illustrate this,

And like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,

But makes a windlass o'er all the champion fields about.]

By indirections, find directions out.

[By crooked, scarcely honest, practices, like one who “ wrings from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, by any *indirection*.”]

Here is a very forcible instance of the “ lie for discovery.”

This stratagem is often referred to by Shakespeare—the use of falsehood to defeat crime or secure some great advantage. Diana cheats Bertram in this way, wins him for herself, and saves the honour of another, whom he endeavours to seduce (*All's Well*, Act V.) ; and she moralises on her device thus :—

I think 't no sin

12 To cozen him that would unjustly win.—IV. ii., end.

Isabella cheats Angelo in the same way for the sake

of Juliet. Being a nun, and therefore intensely religious, she shrinks from the falsehood, but ultimately consents.

To speak so indirectly I am loath,  
I would say truth : . . . 'tis a physic  
That's bitter to sweet ends.

—*Measure for Measure*, IV., vi., 1.

We also read of

The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest.—*Merchant of Venice*, III., ii., 100.

This is the comment which Bassanio makes when he refuses the gold and silver caskets and prefers the leaden one, which proves to be the right one. And the philosophy of it all is given in the most philosophical of all the Shakespearean plays:—

While others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity.  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth : the moral of my wit  
Is "plain and true" ; there's all the reach of it.

—*Troilus and Cressida*, IV., iv., 102.

Bacon in all these cases touches the dividing line between good and evil. This is the very growing-ground of casuistry, but there is no hesitation in confronting it and meeting all its subtleties. Amidst all its entanglements his conclusion is, "plain and true," although he recognises the possible necessity of art and craft in great emergencies, such as those dramatically presented in *Measure for Measure* and *All's Well*. And he shows that the apparent falsity may be perfectly innocent, as in the choice given to Bassanio among the caskets, and, we may add, in the trap laid to catch Peacham. The "small forgeries" are suggested by exactly the kind of character who might be suspected of such a stratagem—Polonius, the courtier of somewhat



limited intellectual ability, and living in an atmosphere of intrigue and statecraft.

Bacon does not in his philosophy discuss abstract questions of morality; his conclusions are dramatically secreted in the plays. The obligations of veracity which are so much disputed in casuistry are recognised, while the limitations are also indicated. These limits are recognised by moral philosophers, and if one is dealing with a man who is seeking knowledge to facilitate crime, then there is no obligation to tell him the truth—it may be better to mislead him. This is admirably put by Martineau:—"If beneath a mask which I detect, I see the features of a 'false brother,' and know he seeks truth in order to desecrate it, and that the more I give him command of the right relations of things the more will he plunge into the wrong ones, then I am not disloyal to the real order of affairs in the world if I keep it from him, even by telling him something else. On the contrary I uphold the inmost spirit of that order by preventing its being turned into an accomplice of crime; and I should be a traitor to it if I delivered its loaded arms into a villain's hands. . . . Without a certain moral *consensus* the commonwealth of truth cannot be constructed and cannot be entered. This use of falsehood applies to robbers, assassins and insane persons" ("Types of Ethical Theory," II., 262).

Much more might be cited in elucidation of these knotty points, and students of Bacon's concrete philosophy might advantageously supplement their study by careful reading of Martineau's abstract philosophy.

R. M. THEOBALD.

## DISGUISED PORTRAITS.

FRANCIS ST. ALBAN.

A COLLECTION of portraits of Francis Bacon Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, has been gradually made and examined by Mrs. Henry Pott with the view of comparing them with other portraits which she regards for the most part as "counterfeit presentments" of supposed authors and suspects in whose authorship she has no belief. The following brief notes may, perhaps, lead others to look into this much scorned and neglected department of Baconian research.

Those who take the trouble to investigate, and who do not "judge before they please to understand," will find this field of inquiry both profitable and beguiling.\* It is absolutely necessary, in order to pursue the chase to any useful purpose, that the hunter should make quite sure of what he is hunting after. She therefore begins by giving a brief summary of the chief points which appear conspicuously in every true portrait of Francis St. Alban.

*Characteristics.*

1. An unusually high and capacious brow, often concealed by a hat.

(In the dining-room at Gorhambury are (or were) two portraits—identical; the one with and the other without the hat.)

2. A delicately chiselled but strongly aquiline nose.

3. Fine frontal arches. The eyes deep-set, although

\* Mrs. H. Pott will be glad to give assistance, or to prevent needless re-doing of the deed done, if any member of the Bacon Society or the Guild of Francis St. Alban please to apply to her.

some of the inferior or "disguised" portraits do not show this.

4. A delicate mouth, with the line described by artists as "the Cupid's bow." This is a marked feature in the best portraits of Queen Elizabeth.

Such a mouth, with a small, pouting under-lip, has been noted by Hepworth-Dixon as "*a jester's mouth*."

5. There is a fine outline to the face, narrowing from the broad brows to the firm and rather pointed chin.

6. The facial lines are strongly marked. With care and age the forehead becomes deeply furrowed.

7. Comparison of many portraits, natural and disguised, seems to show that he possessed the power, observable in some actors, of altering his own appearance by contracting or raising the muscles of his eyes—one or both. In some of his portraits the eyebrows are *straight*, not arched. In one woodcut they are seen raised at the outer corners; in another example raised crookedly or irregularly towards the nose. One woodcut makes him squint inwardly; another outwardly.

8. The best portrait of Francis in childhood is probably the beautiful terra-cotta bust preserved at Gorhambury. Here the hair close-clipped enables us to see the extraordinary development of the cranium at the back. The print shows this, but it gives no idea of the charm of that childish face and the prettiness of the mouth. Intentionally or not, a long upper lip has been made to give a wrong impression.

(Comparison between this print and the supposed portraits of "*Milton*" may be suggestive.)

9. In boyhood, from twelve years old to young manhood, we see him represented with hair growing high on his forehead, with one large curl upstanding and the rest of his hair in light curly waves.

→ 10. In most of the portraits the face is taken in three-  
2

quarter profile, and in nearly all the eyes have a side-long glance towards the spectator.

It is also noticeable that in most "*Baconian*" portraits (that is, in the ostensibly "Bacon" portraits, and in the disguised or "counterfeit presentments" of him under many different names) the eyes do not look truly in the same direction. This will be understood by any observer who will hold a card first over one eye and then over the other. It will usually be found that one eye looks at the spectator—the other is looking and thinking of something else. This is evidently one of the many devices for conveying intelligence to initiates in the "*speculative*" society, but as yet the meaning cannot be interpreted.

Baconians should take some pains to observe and familiarise themselves with these particulars; they will then discover that the many changes in the proportions and features of the various portraits of Francis St. Alban, through all stages from childhood upwards, are changes devised for the purpose of harmonising the disguised portrait of Bacon with an equally disguised portrait of one of his masks or vizors—some member of his secret society whose bounden duty it was (and still is) to hand down the lamp of tradition, and to preserve for the future ages the record of his stupendous work for the benefit of the human race.

## BACON IN ITALY.

**I**N our January number I discussed the probability of Francis Bacon having travelled through France with Montaigne. I am now going to follow their journey through Italy.

In Vol. 6 of *BACONIANA* Mr. L. Biddulph reviewed a book by J. M. Robertson, "Montaigne and Shakespeare," showing how the plays are impregnated with Montaigne's views and philosophy. "We seem to see," says Robertson, "passing from Montaigne to Shakespeare a vibration of style as well as thought." And again: "The influence of Montaigne on Shakespeare was not a mere transference or imposition of opinions, but a living stimulus, a germination of fresh intellectual life which developed under new forms."

Strange coincidences of expression, too, are noted, such as "discourse of reason," "discourse of thought," "to roughly hew." Mr. Biddulph says acutely, "It is hard to explain the bare-faced manner in which Shakespeare is here shewn to steal from Montaigne." Then he asks us to consider the racy English of Florio's so-called translation of Montaigne's Essays, and compare it with Bacon's also racy English. He says the "style, which I believe consists of words, expressions and modes of thought, will be found to be almost identical in both authors." Once again we are confronted with the unprincipled plagiarism of the Stratfordian idol of the market-place. It is quite a common thing to find it said that Shakespeare had Montaigne's Essays in MS. lying on his study-table! Perhaps "Our Shakspeare" had! We Baconians very generally hold that the French Essays known as Montaigne's were written first in English by Bacon—the better and greater part of them; that he kindled the candles of France with his torch by their publication in French,



under the mask of his brother Anthony's friend, Michel Eyquiem, Sieur de Montaigne, a member of Council of Perigord. In support of this belief I don't find De Thou in his "*Mémoires*" alluding to him as a great author. He says he got light from him, but when he goes into detail we find it is with regard to French affairs. De Thou describes Montaigne as follows:—

"An honest man, the enemy of all constraint, one who had entered into no cabal, and was instructed in French affairs, principally those of Guyenne, his native Province."

Sainte Beuve certainly calls Montaigne the "wisest Frenchman that ever lived"; but, on the other hand, "the celebrated French Essayist,\* whose Essays rank among the few great books of the world, is not even mentioned in any of the eleven editions of the '*Dictionnaire Critique et Historique de Pierre Bayle*,' published in folio, 1695"; while "the grave and monument to Montaigne bear no witness to his having been an author. The gravestone has no epitaph or record; the monument in the Cours de Science, Victor Hugo, bears a Greek inscription describing Montaigne as a patron of young scholars."† In the "French Men of Letters Series," edited by Alex. Jessop, Montaigne is undertaken by Edward Dowden, LL.D., who says this of him: "He is still a challenge to criticism." "He still eludes us" (!) "Is it humanity we are coming to know through this curious exemplar of our race?" And "How shall we capture *Proteus* and induce him to sit for his portrait?" adding, with rare intuition, "whose unity consists in his being manifold" (!). Dowden calls Montaigne "The occupant of the philosophic tower" and "Pharos of illumination"; in other words, our Beacon, pronounced in Elizabeth's day, Bacon.

\* Vol. 4, BACONIANA, p. 56.      † *Ibid.*, p. 207.

It will therefore be seen that Montaigne becomes a factor in one's study of Bacon, and that the notion of his using the Sieur de Montaigne as a good-hearted, sensible guide in his European travels is not a far-fetched one.

And now we will resume the journey when young D'Esstissac with his suite, bound for Italy, equipped with recommendations to Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, from Henri III. and Catherine de Medicis, having met Montaigne, reached Basle.

We find Bacon in his *Essay of Travel* advising a traveller: "Let him upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendations to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know." At Basle we get into Baconian touch again with this *Essay*. We are told that there Montaigne, to experience habits and manners different to those he was accustomed to, preferred at all costs to have his meals served according to the fashion of the country he was in—acting on Bacon's principle when he advises the traveller to "sequester himself from the company of his Country-men and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth." "To suck experience" was Bacon's great idea in travelling. Via Baden, Scaffhausen, Constance, and Kempten, the party reached romantic little Füssen, whose old castle, built 1322 by a Bishop of Augsburg, is so connected with the history of Bavaria. From there they rode to Hohenschwangau, the favourite castle of Ludwig II., commanding Alpensee and its mountains, and to Schwanstein, the castled crag now known as Neuen-schwanstein. From there they went north to Augsburg and Munich, only to drop down again, a week later, into the beautiful Tyrol. The Fama or Confession of the Rosicrucians reached the Tyrol in MS. before

ever it was published by the Fraternity, in Cassel, 1614. Augsburg is a centre of Freemasonry to-day (I was told so at Ober Ammergau this last year), and it is interesting to know that our party stayed there five days—longer than in many another city. The Lutheran community engaged their special attention, as it did also at Kempton; and the Jesuits, too, as in other places.

On their way to Mittenwald, Seefeld and Innsbruck one wonders if the party stopped at Ettal, so near their line of route. It is the old Dominican Monastery, founded 1333, from which emanated in 1633 the great Ober Ammergau Passion play, the original text of which is said to be a combination of an Augsburg one of the 15th century, and one written by an Augsburg Meister-singer of the 16th century.

Ettal would have been a very small *détour*, if any, and Montaigne was in the habit of making *détours* to visit little-known places. Innsbruck is described as a very beautiful little town, from which the party made an excursion to kiss the hand of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, who, cold and haughty, refused them an audience. And now by the highway connecting the two great merchantile centres, Augsburg and Venice, which they found "much frequented by merchants, coaches and carts," they made for Verona, *via* Sterzing, Kolman, Borzano, Bronzolo, Trent and Rovereto. Following the Adige, they reached the rock-built fort of Chiusa; then, sleeping at Volargne, they drew rein before mass, on All Saints' day, before the old palace of the Scaligers in the Piazza St. Anastasia in Verona.

Shakespeare never staged Florence and Ferrara, which Montaigne tells us were so well known that lacqueys even could talk glibly about them. But Verona—yes, twice; though the "*Two Gentlemen*" does not convince us that its author himself was personally

ever in Verona. But *Romeo and Juliet*, on the contrary, is steeped in its fascinating atmosphere. A citizen of the world, a resident in Rome, said to me once "The plays always strike me as approaching Italy from within." This is eminently true of *Romeo and Juliet*. The "*Two Gentlemen*" is said to have been the work of Shakespeare's early life ; it may well have been, but *Romeo and Juliet*, first printed in 1597, was certainly written after All Saints' day, 1581. J. G. Ordish, in his "London Theatres," p. 97, says that Mr. Halliwell-Philipp believed that *Romeo and Juliet* was brought out at the Curtain Theatre in its first period. Marston's "Scourge of Villainie," 1598, mentions it. Lord Hunsdon's company produced it between July, 1596, and April, 1597.

The Journal calls the hospitable house where D'Esstissac put up, the Cavaletto or Chevalet, and adds for our information that their host owned one of the adjacent tombs, as he was one of the family. What family? The Scaligers? Their tombs certainly are close by the Piazza in which the old palace stood. The *Londres* or *Deux Tours* Hotel of to-day stands on the same ground and is said to be a part of the old Scala Palace. Close to it runs the *Viccolo Cavaletto*, forming another link with the past.

It speaks of the vast quay on the Adige and of its three bridges, one of which, the Scaligers, abuts, as we know, upon the Castel Vecchio. This may have been the one visited by Montaigne, and in the Monastery of Saint Bernardino, whose church and library are reached from that castle, courteous Franciscan monks are still living. Bacon, in his Essay "Of Travel," recommends travellers to visit Monasteries, and D'Estissac and his party made it their duty to inspect every one they came across. Both in Verona and Vicenza they visited the churches and cells of the

Friars of the Gesuati Order, and showed themselves greatly interested in their distillations of perfumes and drugs. These "poor little ones of Jesus" were a mendicant Order, framed on Saint Francis, named the Friars of Saint Jerome, and were under the rule of Saint Augustine. These Gesuati monks were founded by a wealthy, holy Sienese, the blessed San Giovanni Colombini. Though I trace the original of Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet* to a Friar in Verona, I do not think this was he.

Francis Bacon in this same Essay "Of Travel" says: "When a traveller returneth home let him not leave the country where he hath travelleth altogether behind him, but maintain and cultivate a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth." In his "Observations on a Libel" Francis tells us who he considers "the worthiest men of all sorts," amongst whom he specifies "gentlemen that are lights and guides in their own countries . . . wise and discreet statesmen." And true enough, we find him in correspondence with Friar Fulgenzio Manfredi of Brescia, the private secretary of Friar Paul, just *such a one*, to whom he alludes as "excellent Father Paul." This was Fra Paolo Sarpi, founder of the Servite Order, the servants of the poor. Friar Paul, seven years older than Francis Bacon, was of all men of that time the one most after his own heart. As an anatomist he shares with Harvey the honour of discovering the circulation of the blood, due, as has been pointed out, to our Shakespeare.\* As an astronomer he was the father of Galileo. Dr. W. Bedell, chaplain to Sir H. Wotton, says Sarpi was "holden a miracle in all manner of knowledge, divine and human." He died in 1623. Notwithstanding his friendship with princes and correspondence with all the wise and great men, he lived to the end of his life

\* "I am the Storehouse" (*Coriolanus* I. i.).



in his cell performing contracts of marriage and all good Friar's work.

Now, about the time of D'Estissac's visit to Verona, Friar Paul was there inspecting monasteries officially, though he is not mentioned in the Journal; and if D'Estissac was Francis Bacon, as I suspect, he must have met and known Sarpi, if not in Verona then in Venice, where Sarpi went directly afterwards, to become its great Statesman.

One of Bacon's distinct recommendations to those travelling is to "see and visit eminent persons, in all kinds, which are of great name abroad." It is Friar Paul, one of the most eminent men of his time, whom we see reflected in Father Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*, as I think. True, Friar Lawrence is pictured as an old man and Friar Paul was only forty when the play was first printed, but in 1623, when the Folio appeared, he was nearly seventy, with a wonderful record of work done for the cause of liberty of thought in Venice. Anagrams were composed in those days of words and letters running backward as well as forward. Laurance and Paul both contain the letters *lau*, running in one forward, in the other backward; but this, of course, *may* not signify anything. What does matter is that the Friar who called Romeo "Son," was most Baconian in his wisdom, trying to discipline the fierce passion of the unlucky lovers by teaching which they refused to accept. It is this philosophy of Friar Lawrence which makes the folly and rashness of the unfortunate pair greater by contrast; who, had they not been so head-strong and passionate, might have lived and been happy ever after; though, on the other hand, had their love been more reasonable the sublime tragedy had never been written.

Prince Escalus is said to be taken from Prince Bartolomeo della Scala, more renowned in literature than

history, which fact should give Stratfordians pause. He welcomed Dante to his Court, and his chief desire was to govern Verona in peace. The factions which Escalus hated were, of course, as real a part of true history as they are a part of the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. The rival houses of Montague and Capulet were the Monticoli or Montecchi, Ghibellines, and the Cappaletti, or Guelphs. For the tragic story of the lovers there seems no foundation in Verona, though Mr. Douce found one in Greek literature. Perhaps, had we been allowed to explore his MSS. left to the British Museum, we might have found information on this and other matters; but, alas! that bequest, like others, has been kept dark and secret. With reference to mine host of D'Estissac's Inn, I would suggest that it might have been Joseph Scaliger—the poet and the very learned man who, a strong Protestant, held a professorship in Geneva, and was more than likely a friend of Anthony Bacon and his brother. Like the Orso in Rome, the Inn in Verona may have been run by the noble family to whom the property belonged. The fact that the host owned one of the Scala tombs argues that he was a descendant of the old Scala family. Joseph Scaliger's great friend and patron was De la Rochepozay, the French Ambassador, with whom Montaigne and D'Estissac had much to do in Rome.

Verona's antiquity is lost in mystery. It is traced back to the sixth century B.C., so it is not surprising to find Shake-Speare alluding to it as "Old Verona" in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Nor is it surprising that the Balcony should be introduced conspicuously in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Ruskin says: "The chief city of Italy as regards the strict effect of the Balcony is Verona, and if we were once to lose ourselves among the sweet shadows of its lonely streets, where the falling branches of the flowers stream like fountains

through the pierced traceries of the marble, there is no saying whether we might be able to return to our immediate work." The castle that D'Estissac visited with its band of sixty soldiers kept as a guard against the townsfolk, a note tells us, was St. Pietro on the hill, and just below it lived the Gesuati Friars. The Church of St. Peter the Martyr was then called St. George, and was interesting to our travellers as having been founded by Knights of Brandenburg, housed in the Scala Palace by Can Grande della Scala, to whose succour they came—the "*braves sepultures*" of the Scala family close by. The Journal speaks of the Scala tombs thus briefly, and Ruskin dwells on them at length and tells us the monumental sculpture there is "immeasurably finer than at Venice." Certainly Verona is the city of sarcophagi and tombs, as well as balconies. Its ruined Amphitheatre and Arena, where jousts and entertainments were still given to the public, gave exquisite pleasure to our party. The writer of the Journal describes their shape and measurements in detail, noting the Arena as the most beautiful building he had ever seen in his life. When we remember the theatre of the Ancients in outward shape as in inner principle inspired Shake-Speare to build our modern Theatre without and within, we are not surprised to find much stress laid on these precious antiquities of Verona. The Jews, their synagogue and ceremonies, all and each attracted the interest and attention of Montaigne. Verona's fine Piazzas and markets are mentioned. In the Piazza delle Erbe, once an amphitheatre for gladiatorial fights and a Roman forum, stands a Greek statue with an inscription recording the fact that Verona was declared free in 1183. Close at hand sentences of death and State decrees were proclaimed in 1207. In *Romeo and Juliet* Escalus says :—

"You, Capulet, shall go along with me,  
And Montague come you this afternoon . . .  
To old Free-Town, our common Judgement place."

Was Free-Town the Piazza delle Erbe? Out of it, at any rate, runs the narrow Capello street in which stands an old mediæval house—called the House of the Capulets.

Before dismissing the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, I want to point out a curious little fact (Act II., Sc. iv.):

*Nurse*.—Doth not Rosemarie and Romeo begin both with a letter?

*Romeo*.—Aye, Nurse, what of that? Both with an R.

It is odd R being brought forward, for, as a fact, R is the letter that makes Romeo into Rosemarie. *Romero* is the Spanish for Rosemarie. Shake-Speare knew this, of course. Is he alluding to the fact here?

On leaving Verona, Montaigne declared his intention of returning to visit it and its neighbourhood at his leisure. Vicenza, thirty miles further on, was reached the same day, and on the following the party rode eighteen miles to Padua, called "Fair Padua" in the *Taming of the Shrew*. The Journal describes it as "vast and goodly," and lying in a very "fertile country," and situated in a very "*pleasant* open plain" among vineyards and cornfields, adorned with country seats and gardens.

*Lucentio*.—For the great desire I have to see fair Padua,  
Nursery of Arts.

I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,  
The *pleasant* garden of great Italy.

Thus commences the *Taming of the Shrew*, with the descriptive touches one would expect from one who had seen Padua himself and the country round it. Lucentio, whose name means "light-bearer"—is one of the Bentivoglii, a family whom I have found was a highly intellectual and literary one living at that time

in Ferrara—speaks as Francis Bacon spoke in his Attorney-General's Speech ("Resus.," p. 49) when alluding to James:—

"By whose influence those Nurseries, and Gardens of Learning (The Universities) were never more in Flower nor Fruit."

The one who called English universities "nurseries and gardens" wrote Padua down a nursery of arts. Its university was the great centre of learning on the Continent—indeed, was the garden of learning for the world. Padua, the birthplace of Livey, the painting school of Andrea Mantegna, the home of Giotto's marvellous frescoes, was, if anything, a nursery of arts. Besides, at this time it had training schools for lesser arts. In the Journal we find art schools mentioned for "Writing, Dancing, and Horsemanship," where it complains that a hundred young French students, "content with the manners, habits, and language of their own nation, omit to acquire the knowledge of others." How Bacon peeps out again here! In his Essay "Of Travel" he specially recommends horsemanship being inspected abroad. In Padua our party obeyed him. Petruccio is really quite a typical person to find in Padua.

*Tranio*.—Faith! He has gone into the taming School.

*Bianca*.—The taming School? Is there such a place?

*Tranio*.—Ay, Mistress, and Petruccio is the Master that teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long.

When I saw Petruccio impersonated a few years ago, it was as a typical horse-tamer. One could have fancied him in the ring. A monument and inscription to Cardinal Bembo, reviver of literature and Italian poet, is specially mentioned as being in the church of St. Anthony, and the busts of Titus Livius and Paulus the Jurisconsul are noted in the great Hall of Justice—



the largest without pillars ever seen by the writer. A mansion and garden belonging, as the Italian editor tells us, to the Venetian family of Foscari are said to be worth seeing. And also a country seat outside Padua, belonging to the Contarini, is mentioned as having on the gate an inscription that Henry III. lodged there on his way back from Poland. Arriving at Padua on Thursday, our party left it again at dawn on Saturday, enjoying a lovely sunrise along the river Brenta. At mid-day they dined at Cà Fusina. Only a hostelry, its interest lies in the fact that here Portia appointed to meet Balthazar, whom she sent off post haste to old Bellario, in Padua (*Mer. of Venice* III. iv.).

*Portia*.—And look what notes and garments he doth give thee.

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice ;  
I shall be there before thee.

To Nerissa she adds :—

"I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day."

The old story from which the play is taken is found in a collection called "*Il Pecarone*," first published in Milan, 1558. In it a rich lady, *living at Belmont*, acts as Portia acted, and saves the friend of her husband, a young merchant, by disguising herself as a lawyer. Montebello I have seen marked on an Italian map, close against Este. Este is about seventeen miles from Padua, and about twenty from Ca'Fusina. So that if Belmont was pictured, as I think it was, from a country seat called *Belriguardo*, or *Belvedere*, belonging to the D'Este family, and lying, as their villa of that name did lie, close to *Este* and *Montselice*, Portia would have had just twenty miles to drive. Even supposing the story

is an old one, reaching back, as it has been said, to Eastern origin, still the author of the *Merchant of Venice* would, I think, have carefully pictured Portia from some living model, and instinctively one turns to the beautiful, accomplished, and intellectual ladies of Este as most likely to furnish it. When I discuss Venice at length I shall of necessity touch again upon Portia; in the meantime, I want to describe *Ca'Fusina*. The Journal tells us that the boats on the Brenta are raised by horse-power and pulleys there (most likely by a kind of lock), and that wheels placed under them run them down upon the canal by which Venice is reached. This ferry is the "tranect," or, as critics prefer to call it, the "*traject*," that Portia speaks of. *Traghetto*, of course, is the Venetian term for ferry. Lando, who writes in the sixteenth century on Italy, gives so amusing an account of this ferry that I quote it:—"Tired of Padua," he says, "the Brenta conveyed him to the ferry and to Venice. Who can describe the pleasure we experienced in it? Some of us were law students, cur heads above our *birettas*; some Friars of Orders Grey (black and white); some women of condition; others knaves and Jews. The students chattered about marriage without a blush, the Friars modestly smiled, the women used their eyes. Among us was a Jew from Damascus, skilled in the Black Art, who could turn men into horses, dogs and cats. We had, too, a *Romagnolo*, with a harp or lyre, who touched it so sweetly he seemed quite a *Jopa*." On consulting a classical Dictionary I find Jopas was a suitor of Dido, as well as a musician and a poet.

Close to Padua the writer visited M. le Cardinal Luigi D'Este, in a very beautiful mansion belonging to a Paduan gentleman called Pic. It was for baths he lodged there, so it is not likely that this was his gay villa *Belriguardo*, under whose roof Tasso sang, and

Lucrezia D'Este lived in a whirl of pageants, pastoral plays, and brilliant gaiety of all kinds.

Mr. Smedley, in *BACONIANA*, Vol. VI., page 96, reviews a book by Mr. Horatio Brown, called "Studies in the History of Venice." The author is said to be the greatest living English authority on things Venetian. He devotes twenty-two of his pages to Shake-speare and Venice. Mr. Smedley remarks: "What would be the verdict of an intelligent jury after the testimony of Mr. Brown?" This. We find that the plays, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, and *Taming of the Shrew*, contain knowledge of minute fact in detail which no imagination can fairly be expected to compass, which can only have been obtained and reproduced by a man who had travelled through Italy. Mr. Brown's own words are: "We are startled every now and then by a touch of topographical accuracy, so just as almost to persuade us that Shake-speare must have seen with outward eye the country which his fancy pictures, must have travelled there, and carried thence a collection of its bearings." Mr. Smedley puts his finger on the weak point of Brown's book, who says the "scattered allusions to be collected in the plays prove an intimacy with Venice surprising in a man who probably was never out of England." "Here is a man," Mr. Smedley says, "conducting an impartial enquiry, but accepting as a definite conclusion that which he proposes to enquire into"—a temptation, I am afraid, which many of us fall into. And now I close for a season, to resume my subject, I hope, later; ending with the suggestive words of Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

"Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice—

*Vinegia, Vinegia,  
Chi non te vede, non te pretia.*

Old Mantuan ! Old Mantuan ! Who understandeth thee not,  
loves thee not."

How truly may we echo these words : " Ah ! good old  
*cloaked* one ! Francis ! Francis ! who understandeth  
thee not, loves thee not ! "

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

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## ROMEO'S FIRST LOVE.

**D**R. THEODORE COHN, in his most interesting work, "Shakespeare in Germany," mentions a book to which it would seem that our great dramatist was indebted for various points in his dramas. Of this book Cohn writes : " The plays which the learned nun Hrotsvita composed in the tenth century in the nunnery of Gandersheim, in the Hartz mountains, those firstlings of German dramatic art, which, on their first appearance in print in the year 1501 were hailed by the learned of that day as the work of a tenth muse, a Christian Sappho, although written in Latin, contain, among numerous traces of their genuine Germanic Saxon origin, many passages which remind one strongly of Shakespeare."

Examples given by Cohn do, indeed, suggest that these Latin plays of the German nun were well known to "Shakespeare" (as our poet elected to be called), and that episodes from them frequently lingered in his mind while writing his dramas. This can be traced in *Henry V.* and in *Measure for Measure*, but the most striking instance is to be found in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I., Scene i.

In Hrotsvita's tragedy of "Callimachus" the following scene occurs :—

*Callimachus.*—I wish, my friends, to say a few words with you.

*Friends.*—We are at your service so long as you please.

## Romeo's First Love.

*Call.*—If you don't object we would avoid the multitude. *[They step aside.]*

*Call.*—I love——

*Friend.*—What?

*Call.*—An object fair and tender.

*Friend.*—But by your answer it does not appear what particular being it is you love.

*Call.*—Well then, a woman.

*Friend.*—The wife of Prince Andronicus?

*Call.*—Yes, herself.

*Friend.*—She hath devoted herself entirely to the service of the Lord, and she even refuses her bed to her husband, Andronicus.

Compare with this the passages from *Romeo and Juliet* I. i. :—

*Benvolio.*—See where he comes: so please you, step aside.  
I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

*Montague.*—I would thou wert so happy in thy stay,  
To have true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away.  
*[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]*

*Ben.*—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

*Romeo.*—Not having that which having makes them short.

*Ben.*—In love?

*Rom.*—Out——

*Ben.*—Of love?

*Rom.*—Out of her favour where I am in love.

*Ben.*—Tell me in sadness who is that you love?

*Rom.*—In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.*—I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.

*Rom.*—A right good marksman! And she's fair I love.

*Ben.*—A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.*—Well, in that hit you miss. She'll not be hit  
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Diana's wit;  
And in strong proof of chastity well armed,  
From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed.

*Ben.*—Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

*Rom.*—She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

It is impossible not to be struck with the similarity between these two scenes in the general tone, in the



deliberate obtainment of privacy before the confidence, in the nature of that confidence, and in the jesting allusion to loving "a woman."

The analogy is still more forcible when we realise what has not hitherto, apparently, been commented on—that Shakespeare alone, of all the *raconteurs* of the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, makes "the woman" first loved by Romeo, like the wife of Prince Andronicus, a religious devotee, sworn to chastity.

The story of the unfortunate lovers has been traced back to the Greek romance of Anthia and Abrocomas by Xenophon Ephesius, a writer of the second century, and a similar tale may be found among the "Novellen" of Masuccio Salernitano, printed in Naples in 1476. But the first to tell the actual story of Romeo and Juliet of Verona was Luigi da Porto, a young cavalry officer in the service of the Venetian Republic, and, according to his own account, it was related to him by the handsome, courageous archer, Peregrino, of Verona. It was printed in 1535, and agrees, we are told, "in every essential and in various details" (Dowden) with Shakespeare's play; but the only reference to any love in Romeo's heart before his meeting with Juliet is in the curt statement that Romeo went to Capulet's feast "in pursuit of his mistress."

Some twenty years later Bandello rehandled the story and issued it among his "Novellen" in 1554. He it was who invented the episode of Romeo's first love, and he deals with it as follows:—

"Romeo was at that time violently enamoured of a gentlewoman, but although he followed her every day, whether to church or any other place whither she might go, she never so much as vouchsafed him one courteous glance. He had written her very numerous letters and sent her messages, but the lady would not allow herself to give even a kind look to the enamoured youth."

Bandello's novel was soon afterwards translated into French by Pierre Boisteau, and published among the "*Histoires Tragiques*" of Belleforest. Here the story of the first love is still more elaborated, but the character of the lady is the same. "After several letters and messages and presents," we are told, "Romeo decided at last to make an overture of his passion, which he did without any result, for she who had been trained only in virtue knew so well how to reply and to repulse his amorous affection that he had no opportunity in the future to return, and she even showed herself so austere that she would not grant him a single look, but the more the young man saw her reticent the more he was inflamed."

In 1562 the story of Romeo and Juliet found its way into England, when Arthur Brooke published a poem entitled "*Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet*, containing a rare example of love-constancie; with the subtill counsell and practices of an old Fryer and their ill event." In this poem the lady of Romeo's first affection is thus described:—

"But she that from her youth was foisted evermore  
With virtue's food, and taught in school of wisdom's skilful  
lore,  
By answer did cut off the affection of his love  
That he no more occasion had so vain a suit to move;  
So stern she was of cheer (for all the pain he took)  
That in reward of toil she would not give a friendly look."

One more description of this severe young lady Shakespeare found in Painter's "*Palace of Pleasure*," published in 1567, which is nearly a literal translation of Boisteau. According to Painter, "Rhomio, of the age of 20 or 21 years, the fairest and best-conditioned gentleman that was amongst the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young gentlewoman of Verona, and in a few days was attached with her comely and good be-

haviour, as he abandoned all other affairs and business to serve and honour her; and after many letters, ambassades and presents, he determined in the end to speak to her and to disclose his passion, which he did without any other practise. But she showed herself so austere and sharp of speech as she vouchsafed not with one look to behold him. But the more the young gentleman saw her whist and silent, the more he was enflamed."

In all of thees descriptions we recognise a well-brought-up Italian maiden, who knows that it is the function of her parents to chose for her a suitable *parti*, and who has no wish to compromise her future position by any foolish romance; but this is not the Rosaline of Shakespeare. It is seldom indeed that he touches any subject, however lightly, without leaving upon it the print of his genius. When he made the materials of this tragedy his own he transformed the pathetic Italian tale into the world's ideal love story, and built for the faithful lovers a monument on the very summit of Parnassus. Shakespeare's drama tells of a love as pure and fresh and tender as the spring that issues from the mossy hillside, yet passionate, resistless, bearing all before it by the simple force of its own energy, faithful to death through difficulties infinitely worse than death, falling at last beneath the deadly power of hate, yet only, by its fall, to transform that baleful passion into its own beautiful likeness.

Nevertheless Shakespeare did not think it necessary, as did his contemporary Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, to eliminate from his play the episode of Romeo's first love, yet neither did he adopt it as he found it.

The maiden who, in the great love-tragedy, first arouses Romeo's "young, passionate yearning to love and to be loved" (Morley) is a semi-saint, and will in time probably become a nun. She is not necessarily

cold and austere. She may be as animated in her religion as Romeo in his love; nor, although she "will not stay the siege of loving terms," nor return his glances, nor accept his gifts, is she necessarily silent. "She has Dian's wit, and, in strong proof of chastity well armed," she is able to turn aside the weak arrows of Cupid and reason on the superior attraction of winning eternal bliss by renouncing the joys of earth. No wonder Romeo wanders alone under the stars by night and meditates by day and indulges in paradoxes (where nature itself seemed a paradox) to his sympathetic cousin. He is stirred to the very height of his imagination, but his heart has remained in reality untouched. All his idealistic worship of Rosaline is transferred to Juliet and multiplied a thousandfold as he recognises in her a soul responsive to his own. There is nothing in his past experience to forget or to overcome; it was but the preparation for the thrilling harmony, the heavenly discord and resolution, of perfect human love.

"Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw *true beauty* till this night."

Such seems to have been Shakespeare's idea in his treatment of Romeo's first love, unless we are to suppose that he used words without meaning and differed unconsciously from the sources at his command; and it is reasonable to suppose that the thought of the maiden who had "vowed that she would still live chaste" was suggested to him by reading the tragedy of the nun of Gandersheim, even although her works have not been translated from the original Latin to this day.

It is but another proof that, in order to retrace Shakespeare's paths, it is necessary to wander much further afield than is usually done by those who claim to be the only legitimate exponents of his works, and to recognise that to him, as to other of his contemporaries,

the world's storehouses of knowledge were open ; that his genius was no mere idle inspiration, but the infinite faculty for taking pains which could extract the finest stones from every quarry, the purest metal from every ore, the most exquisite gems from every mine for the erection of that immortal fabric which, in the words of his own sonnet,

“ Was builded far from accident ; ”

and which, far from being the unconsidered flights of literary and political inexperience,

“ All alone stands hugely politic,”

defying the ravages both of time and of criticism.

HELEN HINTON STEWART.

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## NOTE.

FOR some months past the newspapers have found a subject for copious comment in Dr. Ward Owen's searches in the bed of the river Wye for MSS. which he believed had been deposited there by Bacon. Dr. Owen arrived in England as far back as October, 1909, and from then until February, 1910, conducted the search on the cliff side of the river Wye near to Chepstow Castle. The story by which he was guided was said to be abstracted from a supplement to the third book of the “ Arcadia,” the dedication of which was addressed to King James and was signed Ja. Johnstoun. This supplement did not appear in any edition prior to the 9th, which was published in 1638. A re-arrangement of the whole of the letters contained in it had been made and words were formed here and there by grouping letters adjacent to one another, but there never was anything of the nature of a consecutive story evolved from the words themselves, although Dr. Owen by



supplying what was deficient constructed a story. The alleged cypher was non-existent. The search was an abortive one. Some months after the first operations on the Wye were abandoned, Dr. Owen was engaged in London on an attempt to extract from the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Greene, Marlowe, Peele, Burton, and Spenser, a translation of the "Iliad." A wheel was made after the plan of the one with which Dr. Owen worked at Detroit, but again his results were not considered by those who were responsible for the experiment to be successful. Then Dr. Owen came into touch through Mr. Hammond, a surveyor of Chepstow, with Mr. Pirie-Gordon, the agent of the Duke of Beaufort, and subsequently with the Duke and Duchess. A fresh arrangement of the letters was made and a new story was evolved; this has now proved equally unreliable, and the last information is that Dr. Owen is again hunting near the Castle. It might be reasonably assumed that if Bacon had determined to deposit MSS. with a view to their preservation until they could be discovered, the last place in the world that he would have selected for such a purpose would be the bed of a river. If there was one thing more than another to be guarded against it was the effect of water and dampness. Anyone who has had experience in collecting or looking through old books will appreciate the fact that of all enemies to books these are the most fatal. Still, improbability does not count for much in an investigation of this description, and had Dr. Owen succeeded in his search it would appear that Bacon was prepared to aggravate the difficulties which stood in his path rather than to minimise them. The fact remains, however, that in the operations, 1909-1910, as well as of those during the present year, there was never really one encouraging symptom. Dr. Owen has never followed any definite rule and has never been able to advance a

particle of evidence that he had discovered a cypher. Johnston's supplement to the 3rd book of the "Arcadia" may contain cypher matter, but if it does it will not be worked out on any method which Dr. Owen has so far explained. This failure, however, to discover a cypher does not in any degree throw doubt on the great use of cyphers which was made in the 16th and 17th centuries. Nearly the whole of the official communications which were of a confidential character were committed to cypher. There is an extensive literature of the period on cyphers and their use. Apart from the references which Bacon makes in his two books on the "Advancement of Learning," 1605, and in his "De Augmentis," 1623, there is definite evidence in his own handwriting of his proficiency in the art. It is highly probable—it may almost be said it is certain—that he has handed down in cypher secrets which he did not wish divulged in his lifetime. Some of these have been decyphered and others are in the process of decyphering. The wonderful results which Mr. Tanner has obtained from the lines "To the Reader," prefixed to the 1623 Folio edition, are evolved from a numerical cypher. These, when they are made public, must be accepted without cavil or question. They are self-evident to the most limited understanding and the severest critic cannot upset them. The time has not yet arrived for publicity to be given to them. The real Francis Bacon will some day be made known, and whatever fresh laurels may be awarded to him one thing is certain—that he will be recognised as the greatest master of cypher writing which either his period or any other period has produced.

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Several articles, including a further article on "The Mystery of Francis Bacon," and letters from correspondents, are unavoidably held over for want of space.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Bacon is Shakespeare.

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Most of our friends have visited Westminster Abbey, and quite a number of them have seen Ben Jonson's tomb, but very few are aware that his medallion bust thereon is clothed in a left-handed coat, and they will therefore be somewhat surprised to learn that this fact is well known, and is referred to in Seymour's "Stoure," II. 512, 513, where will be found the following epigram referring to the bust :—

"O, rare Ben Jonson—what a turncoat grown !  
Thou ne'er wast such, till clad in stone :  
Then let not this disturb thy sprite,  
Another age shall set thy buttons right."

Dean Stanley, in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," page 289, says : "By a mistake of the sculptor, the buttons were set on the left side of the coat." It is difficult to comprehend how even the extremely unpractical mind of the Dean could have allowed him to have written anything quite so absurd.

A sculptor could not possibly, by accident, model a figure in a left-handed coat ; indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether any sculptor, by using his utmost skill, could succeed in preparing such a bust, unless he had been supplied with a "trick coat" to enable him to do so. Then we ask ourselves, What was the object of this trick coat ? What does the fact that Ben Jonson's bust is clothed left-handedly teach us ? A clue to the answer, which is quite simple, is afforded to us in the following verses, printed in 1632 :—

"If you are furnished with an English key  
That we suppose you want not : If you do,  
Wee are not they, whom this was meant unto ;  
Pray passe along, and stare no more at that  
Which is the picture of you know not what."

The correct answer is, in fact, that the object of the left-handed bust is to teach "those capable of understanding" that Ben Jonson, who was the foreman of Bacon's good pens, was also used as a left hand, a mask, a pseudonym, under which Bacon himself wrote. In "The Great Assizes, holden in Parnassus, by Apollo," which was published anonymously in 1645, Lord Verulam (*i.e.*, Bacon) is put as "Chancellor of Parnassus" (*i.e.*, greatest of poets) ; Shakespeare as "the writer of weekly accounts," to tell us that he was nothing more than a small trader at Stratford ; and Ben Jonson as "the Keeper of the Trophonian Denne" (*i.e.*, head of Bacon's literary workshop). Ben Jonson tells us quite plainly in so many words that his puppets "under their clokes . . . have of Bacon a gammon"

(Bartholomew Fayre, V. 4). In a recent work on Elizabethan dramatists, published in America by Dr. David Klein, numerous criticisms of Ben Jonson are embodied, and the author sums up his conclusions on page 85 as follows: "If one reads his (Ben Jonson's) reflective utterances, bearing in mind the work of Francis Bacon, one is strongly tempted to infer that the attitude of uncompromising self-reliance which prevails in the writing of the dramatist (Ben Jonson), was largely the result of contact with Bacon, the great founder of empiricism (experimental, *i.e.*, real science). The evidence extant points to an intimate association between the two men. One cannot help picturing them as constant companions. . . . The playwright's (Ben Jonson's) admiration for the thinker (Bacon) fell little short of worship." Dr. Klein was unfortunate in not possessing the "information" which I am now giving to your readers, that Ben Jonson was the most trusted and the most devoted of Bacon's servants, and that nothing which bears Ben Jonson's name is necessarily his own work. Dr. Klein also proceeds to point out what he calls a neglected "Baconian" argument, *viz.*, how closely what Bacon says in the "De Augmentis," Book II. chapter xiv., upon poetry resembles the words of Shakespeare. But I would ask what can be found in the plays of Shakespeare which does not embody Bacon's arguments, seeing that the plays are not the work of the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford, but of the great master, Francis Bacon.

Our knowledge of the plays is practically derived from the Folio edition which was brought out in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death, containing thirty-six plays, most of which are not found in print elsewhere, while the others are almost all enlarged to nearly double the size in which they had appeared in the earlier quarto editions.

On the title-page of this 1623 Folio appears what is known as the "authentic" portrait of William Shakespeare, but a careful examination of this so-called portrait proves it to be a stuffed dummy clothed in an impossible coat composed of the back of the left arm cunningly joined to the front of the same left arm.

In the *Gentlemen's Tailor*, etc., magazine of April last, which circulates all over the world, in reference to this portrait, we read under the heading of "A Problem for the Trade": "The tunic, coat, or whatever the garment may have been called at the time, is so strangely illustrated that the right-hand side of the forefront is obviously the left-hand side of the back part. . . . Anyhow, it is pretty safe to say that if a referendum of the trade was taken on the question whether the two illustrations shown above represent the foreparts of the same coat, the polling would give an unanimous vote in the negative."

Your readers may therefore be perfectly satisfied that every tailor will tell us that the coat of the supposed portrait is not and cannot be a real coat. Every tailor will tell us that it is extremely cleverly drawn, and that it cannot be by accident that the coat could have been so cunningly composed of the front of

the left arm buttoned on to the back of the left arm. Every tailor will tell us that if it were possible to make a coat like the sham coat shown, the unfortunate wearer would present a most absurd and ridiculous appearance, and would not be able properly to move his right arm. Therefore every one of your readers may be perfectly satisfied that the figure was of set purpose clothed in an impossible coat in order to tell "those able to understand" that the figure put for Shakespeare was a sham portrait, and that it was never intended to be anything excepting a mere dummy.

In the first Folio of the plays, 1623, opposite to the so-called "portrait," generally known as the "authentic portrait" of Shakespeare, appears the following description, which, as it is signed B. J., is usually ascribed to Ben Jonson :—

"TO THE READER.

"This Figure, that thou seest put  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;  
Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature, to out-doo the life :  
O, could he but have drawne his wit  
As well in brasse, as he hath hit  
His face ; the Print would then surpasse  
All that was ever writ in brasse.  
But since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

Most assuredly Ben Jonson, who never calls the ridiculous dummy a "portrait," but describes it as "the Figure," "put for" (*i.e.*, instead of), and as "the Print," and as "his Picture," and who also most distinctly tells us to look not at his (ridiculous) Picture, but (only) at his Booke, knew perfectly well who was the mighty author, and intended clearly to inform those capable of understanding that the graver had done out the life. He says out-doo the life. But every word in the English language, without a single exception, which commences with "out," must be read reversed in order to be properly understood. "Out-doo" must therefore mean "do-out," as outfit means fit-out, outfall means fall-out, outburst means burst-out, out-last means last-out, and so on and on throughout the whole list of words which begin with "out." In the "Oxford Dictionary" do-out is given as the first meaning of out-do with a quotation from Drayton's "Baron's Wars," which was printed in 1603, viz. : "Was ta'en in battle and his eyes outdone." This certainly means that his eyes were done out, and cannot possibly mean that his eyes were surpassed.

The graver has "done out" the life so cleverly that for hundreds of years people have been deceived, and have thought that the figure represented a real man, and failed altogether to perceive that it was a mere stuffed dummy clothed in an impossible coat, cunningly composed of the front of the left arm



joined on to the back of the same left arm so as to form a doubly left-armed "apology for a" man, and this dummy is surmounted by a hideous, staring mask, furnished with an imaginary ear utterly unlike anything human, because instead of being hollowed in it is rounded out, something like the rounded outside of a shoe-horn, in order to form a cup that would cover and conceal any real human ear that might possibly be behind it. Next we are told "as he hath hit his face." Here hit is the past participle of hide, and means hid, or hidden, just exactly as we find in Chaucer, in the Squire's Tale, where we read (II. 512, etc.):—

"Right as a serpent hit him under floures  
Til he may seen his tyme for to byte."

This, in modern English, means :—

"Just as a serpent hid himself under the flowers  
Till he might see his time to bite."

In the ordinary uncouth pronunciation of the period the sound of hit and of hid would be identical.

Perhaps your readers may more clearly realise the full purport and meaning of Ben Jonson's lines if I paraphrase them as follows :—

"TO THE READER.

"The dummy that thou seest set here,  
Was put instead of Shake-a-speare ;  
Wherein the Graver had a strife  
To extinguish all of Nature's life ;  
O, could he but have drawn his mind  
As well as he's concealed behind  
His face ; the Print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brasse.  
But since he cannot, do not looke  
On his mask'd Picture, but his Booke."

Do out appears in the name of the little instrument something like a pair of snuffers which was formerly used to extinguish the candles, and called a "Douter." Therefore I have correctly substituted "extinguish" for "out-doo." At the beginning I have substituted "dummy" for "figure" because we are told that the figure is "put for" (that is, put instead of) Shakespeare. In modern English we frequently describe a chairman who is a mere dummy as a figure-head. Then "wit" in these lines means absolutely the same as "mind," which I have used in its place because I think it refers to the fact that upon the miniature of Bacon in his eighteenth year, which was painted by Hilliard, 1578, we read : "Si tabula daretur digna animum mallem." This line is believed to have been written at the time upon the miniature by the artist himself, and is usually translated : "If only a picture of his mind could be painted."

This one simple fact which can neither be disputed nor explained away, viz., that the "Figure" put upon the title-page of

the First Folio of the Plays in 1623 to represent Shakespeare is a doubly left-armed and stuffed dummy, surmounted by a ridiculous putty-faced mask, disposes once and for all of any idea that the mighty plays were written by the drunken, illiterate clown of Stratford-on-Avon, and shows us quite clearly that the name "Shakespeare" was used as a dummy, a left hand, a pseudonym, behind which the great author, Francis Bacon, wrote securely concealed. In his last prayer he says, "I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men"; while he says in the 76th "Shake-speare" Sonnet:—

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keepe invention in a noted weed."

Weed signifies disguise, and is used in that sense by Bacon in his *Henry VII.*, where he says: "This fellow . . . clad himself like an Hermite and in that weede wandered about the countrie."

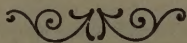
It is doubtful if at that period it was possible to discover a meaner disguise, a more "despised weed," than the pseudonym of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon. Bacon also specially refers to his own great "descent to the Good of Mankind" in the wonderful prayer which is evidently his dedication of his great work, the immortal plays. "Tragedies and Comedies," he tells us in the "Promus" (folio 93), "are made of one Alphabet," and the beautiful prayer commences as follows:—

"This is the Form and Rule of our Alphabet: May God, the Creator, Preserver and Renewer of the Universe, protect and govern this Work, both in its *ascent* to his Glory and in its *descent* to the Good of Mankind, for the sake of his Mercy and Good Will to men, through his only Son (Immanuel) God-with-us."

This beautiful prayer was first published in "Remains of Sir Francis Bacon," 1679, as part of "A Fragment of a Book written by the Lord Verulam" (Bacon), entitled, "The Alphabet of Nature," a work which, in the preface, we are told "is commonly said to be lost." "The Alphabet of Nature" is, of course, "The Immortal Plays," known to us as Shakespeare's, which hold "the mirror up to nature."

Yours, etc., EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, May 29th, 1911.







C. PLEMPH.  
**EMBLEMATA.**  
 EMBL. I.



*En Fortuna : manu quos rupem ducit in altam,  
 Precipites abigit : carnificina Dea est.  
 Firma globo imponi voluerunt fata caducam,  
 Ipsa quoque ut posset risus, & esse iocus.  
 Olim unctos Saliij qui præsilière per utres,  
 Ridebant caderet si qua puella malè.  
 O quàm sepe sales, plausumque merente ruinâ,  
 Erubuit vitium fors inhonesta suum !  
 Obscœnumque nimis crepuit, Fortuna Batavis  
 Appellanda ; sono, quo sua curta vocant.  
 Quoque sono veteres olim sua furtiva Latini :  
 Vt nec, Homere, mali nomen odoris ames.*